

te in the reces.

CHAPTER IL

Riffe South Echo in the Woods. Of corner his even a title of the hor-For I experienced at Cameronia dis-charge Lyn plot hopeless. The more and the weathers the best similar obstinute infinial ger to make allow and ineviously requel valery?

been conservation, with an exceed-Cameron sat in the room, not blicen feet dutant was beyond our comprethe nearest we came to a solution, and that was scarcely tenable. For there was the crowded top of the book shelive. To cut the canvas, the vandat must either buye stood upon that or have reared a ladder. There were not room for the foot of a child on the shelf top: and as for the ladder, it was unthinkable. How world a ladder have been carried in and out without Cameron being conscious of 107 From every possible angle we viewed the ineldent, making every concellable con conside, and no half-way plausible an swer to the riddle presented itself. And though our common sense told us that the time of miracles was long past, that no Gygon' ring nor Alberich's cloud survived to this day to make thylable fheir weavers, there persisted, nevertheless, a chill, uncan my sense of the supernatural, quite evident to me in Cameron's husbed voice and furtive manner, and in my own unwanted nervous disquietude

We sat very late. I wished, if posutble, to learn if at any time in my friend's life he had done nught to engender an enmity to which these atrange developments could be traced whether, for instance, in the blood of his youth in some far land he had provoked the vengeance of one whose humor it is never to forget. As we talked I came to know Cameron better than I had ever known him be-He hared to me much of his early career; he gave me a clearer view of his temperamental qualities; and yet I could not but feel that he left the vital point untouched, that bementh his seeming frankness there lay perhaps, which might let the light in upon our darkness. For my question was evaded rather than answered.

Presently, we went back to the letters and dissected them, coldly and eritically, sentence by sentence, and while the weird influence which they had exerted upon me at the first reading increased, stimulated possibly by the incident of the portrait, still we reached a certain practical, commonsense view as to their origin; for we came to see in them what we be-Heved to be the hand of a religious fanatic. Certain expressions, we concluded, were quotations. If they were not Biblical, they were certainly of sacred genesis. And the discovery was not reassuring. It lent, indeed, an added prick to the perturbation we

already experienced. Nor did the absence of a specified date for the second promised demonstration of power tend to relieve our uneasiness. In this silence we found the acme of cunning cruelty. Any day, at any hour, some other mystifying. soul-torturing incident was liable to

I tried to argue that the seventh day was implied, inasmuch as the second note was received on the same day of the month as the first, and was a mere continuation of the original threat But my contention lacked the intrinsic strength which carries conviction. and, as Came on put it, we could only "watch and wait;" for the communications offered no alternative. They made no demand which being complied with would avert penalty. Only implacable and inevitable retribution. calm, patient, and determined, effused

from every line. But, in spite of Cameron's evident anxiety-and in using that term I am very mildly stating his obvious condition of mind-he sternly refused to consult either the police or the private detectives.

"You may not know." he explained. "that I am largely interested in a certain line of industrial enterprises, the of which are listed on the New West Utock Exchange. Should the publivety Cameron lawn, and catching

The SABLE By, HORACE

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Its become aware that my life is sight of Cameron himself, in riding who correction, and by friends whom we about it. ron frust absolutely. I can take no risk of this horrid thing actting into the newsparsers. Bendes," he added, with a kindly, considerative smile. "Excluse must be kept in ignorance. Not for warlds would I have her troubled by our perptenting enigma.

My connection that he should go alread to a time, or at least spend a

Susceptible it seemed of conferences in least that I have been namewhat and the is see terrifying a tree in the interpretation of the description I refinit that I have been namewhat

pletely in mostly and dismay.

Cameron showed me the multiated character is mostly and taken it down at most in multiately, and find further is most to make the entire for many persons. The had taken it down at most in multiately, and find further is Guite naturally I was led by thin exaway to a closer of the hall behind an want to my surprise, he was almost erray of raincoats. The curring had gravely effected by the mere sugges-been the evidently, with an exceed tion. Nevertheless there were several Ingly seen binde, and very deargrous.

It done. But that it should have been accomplished in twelve minutes, while

Cameron and in with some mental persistence on this as the most profitable ground for spec-Bension Absorption in his book was ulation. And when at length, in the morning's small hours, I returned to my home and to my bed, I carried the thought with me-

The sowing of this seed in the subattackons garden of my mind brough forth fruit ofter its kind. I swok with a perfectly clear understanding how that which, the night before had seemed so impossible of accorplishment was, perhaps, after all merely a harlequin trick, quite simple when explained

With the new day too, and the unlight, and the cheery brightness of my own rooms, there came a lifting o that appressive atmosphere of the eawhich at Cameron's had set my nerves out of plumb and my reason on the bias. Indeed I was fully coninced that we had been foolishly cut structing an Alpine chain out of a mirable little rew of mole bills, and mermined to lose no time in bringing ameron, whom I now regarded a ost needlessly alarmed, to my own

violesome way of thinking.
Directly after breakfast, therefore, et forth on foot for my neighbor's boosing the shore road as the mor wet of the two routes.

Personally, my taste in landscape is for distant view in preference to near thand foliage. My own house, which is fashioned in semblance of a Pom-pelian villa, its cream-white walls unctuated with shutters of a some what vivid pea-green and crowned by gently aloping roofs of the same bright color, gazes out across Stam ford Harbor and the blue waters of the Sound, to where on clear days the pencilled outline of Eaton's Neck shows purple in the distance. There interrupt the outlook; only low, carefully trimmed shrubs, adorning a series of marble sculpture-dotted terraces, well below the line of vistor. But the Cameron place, reflecting the Townsbury penchant for arboriculture, is quite the reverse. The prospect from the windows and verandahs of the fine old mansion is all green vistas and leafy perspectives, with only a glint of sun-sparkled waves, chance caught between gray boles or when the wind spreads a momentary open

mg in the foliage. My way to Cameron's led through a veritable forest of such luxuriant leaf age that the path more than half the time was in twilight, while to right one, knowing that you were absent and left the shadows deepened into to spend an hour or so here, uninter dark in the cloistral recesses of the woodland heart. The silence was pro found. No voice of bird nor scurrying foot of squirrel invaded the morning hush of those ramous depths. My own footsteps on the soft turf returned no

A half-mile or more I had walked in this mute greenwood peace, when head, or any part, or the whole of sharp and clear there echoed through the verdurous atales the crack of a rifle, and I came to a sudden, involun-

tary halt. Then it occurred to me that it was the third day of the open season for rail birds, and that it was the report of a shot-gun I had beard, fired by some sportsman, off on the shere, there, to my right. And so I resumed my tramp with cars keen for a ripetition. Almost immediately I was rewarded, and then I knew that it was no rail bird gunner, for the shot was unmistakably rifle shot, and it was fired in the depth of the wood, to the left of me

Three times more I heard it, in fair ly rapid succession, and sounding always from about the same direction. I cannot say that it gave me any un easiness, but it perplexed me in a mild way, arousing a passing curiosity as And then, I came out to its object. upon the well-kept, gravelled drive which circles the close-cropped, vel-

threatened, very serious consequences breeches and putrees, romping with to gld ensue in the market. No, Clyde, one of his picturesquely graceful Ruswhatever is done, must be done by sian well-hounds, promptly forgot all

He came across the sward to meet me, the great, gaunt white bound consing close to his side, and 1 hought I saw that he, too, had ex erlained the inspiriting influence of be morning.

"I have found an enawer." I cried. while he was still fifty yards away, possibly the prower."

the rated his brows in question, and e hound, with open laws, fendled his

I had a horseback side before breakfast," he told me, as he shook my hand. Then I spent an hour at kennels. We've a fine new brood olite pupples. You must see them.

"What do you say to tennis?" he unnested, irrelevantly. "Just a set." ts a fine morning for pennish If you can lend me a pair of shoes,

convented, glaring down at my boots "A dozen pairs," he smiled, "Come up to my dressing room. Look will fit

I was someely prepared for this hange in my Diend's mood, and far from happy over it. He was evidently etermined to impore the subject that id so engrossed us the night before, upling to find oursease of barassing bought in a restless round of activi-The condition was a morbid one bich I believed should be discour med; the more so as I postessed what (smeled was a perfectly practical sotion of that which hitherto had semed to us an inexplicable pheenon. And I was a little annoyed, that my good things should be discensible.

When, therefore, we had entered - ball and Cameron was leading toards the broad, ascending staircase, thoused.

To you mind giving me just a He stopped, turned, and stood in

nestioning alloure. "A minute in your study," I added,

ncexplanation: Reluctantly, it seemed to me, he roused to the study door, and throw on it open, stood neide that I might

recode him. The room ameaned for less wrim nd gloomy than when I had last entered it. Its windows faced the south; and between the olivegreen spentry curtains the sun poured in a flood, lighting up the far corners, glint ing on the gilt ornaments of the writ table. and butting in dazzling sulendor the burnished bronzes on the

rowded top of the book shelves. "I see you are not disposed to re ume our discussion of last pight." egan, when Cameron, having closed the door behind him, halted just in side, and with hands in pockets, await ed my opening. "But I want to show you that we have been in very much children who watch the prestidigitaamazingly like a miracle, which, are no towering, umbrageous trees to point of fact, is capable of a very simple, commonplace explanation."

"You mean the cutting out of the hend of the portrait?" he asked, with kindling interest.

"You have discovered how it was fone, before my eyes, so to speak. and yet-7 "I have discovered how it may have

been done," I interrupted. He moved his head just perceptibly from side to side in skeptical gesture "The door of this room is seldom locked?" I queried, ignoring the indi-

cated skepticism. "Never locked." he answered "It would be quite possible for any one, knowing that you were absent,

rupted?" "Any one?" he questioned

"Any one who had gained entrance

to the house," I amplified, "Oh, yes, I presume so. "They would have ample time to

clear a space on the book-shelves, climb up, and carefully cut out portrait, if they were so inclined?

I paused for his answer, but he only smiled with a sort of incredulous tol-

"Would they not?" I insisted. But Cameron was most perverse this morn-

"My dear Clyde," he scoffed, "of what use is all this? The portrait was ent, not while I was absent, but while I was present, 1 saw it complete at three o'clock; at twelve minutes past bree, it was mutilated."

"My contention is." I explained quite patiently, "that while you saw complete at three o'clock, the cut had already been made, but the cut portion had not been removed. ther words, the cutting having been deftly done with a thin, sharp knife, it was perfectly feasible to leave the portrait apparently intact, though with the slightest effort the incised portion could subsequently be released-with say, a piece of cord, glued to the back or that especial purpose.

Now that I had made myself clear, Cameron was quick to acknowledge such a tiny thing, on the green grass possibility of such a method.

And the cord, you mean, led down hind the book-shelves, and perhaps rough a window?" he suggested. Procesely, And was pulled by some

ne on the outside."

Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "Such explanation is not unreasonable. o thing, really, must have been in in some such way."

And don't you see," I hurried on to my advantage, "how unterly ip this makes the whole affair? is a nothing at all impressive in performance when you find out it was done. If the next demonthat is no better than such clapyou may rest assured you have ry parayunish sort of mountchank in to doal with. So, cheer up, my man, and I'll show you a few I love." he at tenuts that may be equally opening.

Unquestionably my friend appeared ed. But I came to fancy later the appearance was feigned for Certainly be was not con ed, and in that proved himself secked of an intuition, a world occurate than my own.

CHAPTER III.

The Target.

The ser at tennls having finished th cictory perching on my banners, de excuse to put off the inspection e collis pupples until another resumed my walking boots and, ith a parting if futile admonition to ereron to "think no more about it," ed on my homeward way.

No route lay again through the minre forest, for the day had waxed infortably woons with the apch of noon, and there was scant on the high-road between our houses. In the word, however, air was gratefully cool, and I de on at a good pace, breathing ond with enjoyment the bosky which greeted me afresh at sers step

The dead effence which I had remarked earlier was broken now by the hourse tooling of a steamboat whistle, somewhere off shore, and by the shrill siees of birds, apparently in resentful protest at this raucous invasion of their sylvan quiet.

I but succeeded in putting aside, for the moment at least, all thought of Cameron, his anonymous letters, and his mutilated portrait, and was dwelling on my disappointment at not having caught even so much as a glimpae of Evelyn Grayson during my morning visit to Cragholt. It is true that I the portrait that hung in Uncle had gone there with a single purpose Robert's study. Do you suppose he in mind-to convey to Cameron what grew to dislike it, and cut it up and I believed to be an important theorybut underlying this, I realized now, the same position as the wondering not waited, visited the kerinels, and position to make light of her find. On accepted Cameron's invitation for teur. We have imagined something function, which would doubtless have just where she had come upon it, and in insured me a few words at least with my Goddess of Youth.

While on the verge of this self-reproach my spirits suddenly lifted, for the steam whistle having died away in the distance and the feathered choristers having relapsed into a pleased chirp that merely accented the stillness, there broke all at once on the mute calm of the woodland the silver sweetness of a girl's singing. Clear and resonant it rang through the forest alales; a voice I knew beyond mistaking. Evelyn Grayson was coming towards me over the scented turf. Still hidden by a bend in the path, the melody alone measured for me her approach. It was a French chanson she was illting, a lyric of Baudelaire's, of which we were both fond.

Sweet music sweeps me like the sea Toward my pale star. Whether the clouds be there or all the air be free, I sail afar.

And then she came around the turn. At first she did not see me, for her eves were lifted with her voice, and I had time to mark the fascinating grace of her long, free stride, before she became conscious of my presence and checked and shortened it. She wore a frock of white serge, the skirt's edge at her ankles, revealing dainty, snowy buckskin ties and just a peep of white silk hose. And her flower-like face looked out through a frame of Leghorn straw and pink roses, tied snugly beneath her softly rounded chin with the filmiest of long. floating white vells. You can imagin the picture she made, there in this green glade, with her big blue eyes alight with glad surprise, and warm blood suddenly risen in her

"You truent!" I cried, in jocular rep rimand, "Are you always going to run away when I visit Cragholt?"

She pouted prettily. I detest a wom an who pouts, ordinarily. There is usually such palpable affectation about it. But Evelyn's pouting was winsome as an infant's. Besides it was only momentary. Then her eyes flashed and



blades.

"I'm not a truant." she declared, with feigned indignation, "and I never thought of running away. That's just your conceited manly imagination. You fancy that everything I do can have but one cause, and that is yourself. How, pray, was I to know you

intended paying us a morning call?"
"Tut, iut," I caught her up. "What a fittle spitfire we have here! If you hadn't deserted me so shamefully last evening, I shouldn't have minded this morning, so much. As it is, it seems acons since I caw you."

Now she smiled until her dimples nestled. "That is much better," she returned, anyly, "and deserves a reply, just as my action of last evening de serves praise, and not rebuke. I sacrificed myself and my pleasure for one "Not for me, murely!"

"Did I use the word concett a moment ago? Are you the only man I

"I hope so," I answered, impudently "There is another," she confessed. In mock tragedy, "Behold his face!"

I had not noticed that she held a little roll in her hand, for my eyes had been ever on hers; so, when abruptly, she spread out and held before me the missing head from Cameron's portrait, was doubly unprepared. I know I She was startled. sald afterwards that I went very white. I suppose I did; for with the rush of realization came such a chain of supposition as to drive me momentarily dizzy. For a second or more I stood dumb, while my hand went out in eager reach for the scrap of canyas, which, I had observed, instantaneously, bore four perferations, all of a size—the size of a rifle buildt. With that discovery had recurred the shots I had heard; and following this, came a maze of conjecture, going back to that first letter, then to the painting's mutilation, and on through devious ways to the morning's target practice; and always with one or another of Cameron's trusted servants as the chief actor.

When I recovered my composure I found Evelyn backing wilfully away from my coverous hand.

"It is the picture of the man I love," she was saying, tensingly. "A very, very good man." "But where did you get it?" I asked

nerlously. "Do you know where it came from?" Suddenly she was as grave as I

could wish "I tound it nailed to a tree," she answored. "Wasn't it odd? How do you suppose it came there? It looks like

threw it away?" Now I found myself in some little was more than a hope, a confidence embarrassment if I was to obey even, that I should see Evelyn. I was Cameron's injunction I could not tell tempted, indeed, to a regret that I had Evelyn the truth. Yet I was in no the other hand I must learn from her trace, if possible, the person who had fired the shots which riddled it.

"My dear girl," I said, adopting a tone of cajolery, "we have here, think, a matter in which we both can be of service-very valuable scrvice. indeed, to that beloved uncle and guardian of yours. But, you must trust me, absolutely, and, for the present at least, you must give to him no hint of what we have in hand. Do you un derstand?"

She laughed in that merry rippling fashion which I had found not least of her charms.

"Do I understand?" she repeated, laying a hand on my arm in emphasis of her amused tolerance. "Do I understand? Of course I don't, and I shan't, until you have answered at least a half-dozen whys and whats.

"But you must trust me," I insisted, and as primary evidence of that trust you will proceed at once to hand over to me for examination, that somewhat damaged piece of portraiture which ou are holding behind you."

Very wide her eyes opened in an innocent, almost infantile stare, as she

"Do you really mean it, Philip?" "Really," I answered, gravely. like to tell you all about it, right here and now, but that might spoil every thing, so you must show what a strong womanly woman you are, by keeping silence and waiting."

in token of compliance she gave ne the oval piece of canvas. I wonder who punched the holes

in it!" she remarked, ruefully, "Who ever it was, they were shockingly disrespectful." I tried to fancy what she would

have said had she known they were bullet holes. Evidently that possibility had not occurred to her and I was glad that it had not,

CTO BE CONTINUED.

Grandchild of George III. The Grand Duchees Augusta Caroline of Mecklenburg-Strelltz, Europe's oldest princess, celebrated her birthday recently She is the her foot was planted very hard, for surviving grandchild of George





Pills are onlike all oth er laxatives or catharties. They coan the liver into activity by gentle methods, they do not scour, they do not gripe; they do not weaken; but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and

corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

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R. M. Fleenor. tlsing your pills, and raso'ved to try them. I did, and took only two boxes, and I am now sound and well. I regard my cure as remarkble. I can recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to any one who is suffering from Kidney Trouble as I was." Write to Mr. Teenor about this wonderful remedy

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at our dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co. suffalo, N. Y. Write for Household tints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and rectuse for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free.

Nervousness Explained.

The young man entered the president's office and stood first on one foot and then on the other. He dropped his hat, handkerchief and umbrella-Altogether he was a highly developed case of nervouszess.

"Well, well," said the employer.
"Out with it!"

"I have come, sir," said the young man, and then began to stammer. Well, speak up. Have you come to ask for the hand of my daughter or a raise in asiary ?"

nered the young man, "it's both."-Exchange.

Why, the Mean Thing-"There's a sad case," said Mrs. Jones, as she laid the paper on her

knees and wiped her spectacles. bride struck dumb after leaving the altar, and by last accounts she hadn't recovered her speech." "It's the way of the world, my dear," said old Mr. Jones, with a sigh It's the way of the world. Some mer

have all the luck."-P. I. P. Onto It. Blobbs-Skinnum is trying to pro mote a new mining company. Did you

Slobbs-No: 1 tumbled

TO STOP THE COUGH CURE THE ray or mop the threat with the wonderful antisep, the PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL ourse in one day. Full directions with each tile. He, 50, \$1.00.

Pa's Explanation. "Why did Diogenes go around with a lantern, pa?" "I suppose the auto mobile law required it."

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